

## East Oregonian

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- Talk happiness. The world is sad enough.
  - Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
  - Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
  - And speak of those who rest the weary ear
  - Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
  - Of human discontent and grief and pain.
  - Talk faith. The world is better off without
  - Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
  - If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
  - Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
  - Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
  - No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.
- Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### JEFFERSON NOT INFALLIBLE.

Because the East Oregonian censured the Morning Tribune of this city, for advocating a property qualification for voters, the Salem Statesman attempts to defend the Tribune in its unsound and un-American doctrine on the ground that Thomas Jefferson once suggested a property qualification for voters in a proposed constitution for Virginia.

Unlike the statesman, the East Oregonian does not swallow the good, bad and indifferent in parties, policies or men. It reserves the right to pass judgment upon the doctrines of even its most revered political, religious and philosophical idols.

Because Thomas Jefferson, struggling to free his mind from the fallacies of kingcraft 100 years ago, involuntarily and perhaps unconsciously clung to some forms of the old tyranny which had burdened English government for 400 years, is no palliation for such inexcusable tyranny at the beginning of the 20th century.

Because Jefferson advocated a vicious principle 100 years ago, does not make that principle any less vicious in the estimation of the East Oregonian.

The patriots were excusable if they made mistakes in formulation of the bold code of freedom. Their daring strokes of statecraft were dazzling to the world, as it was. Their minds grasped the ideal of liberty, they saw the perfect vision, but the forms and details of the laws and constitutions necessary to carry out that perfect vision, were untried and problematical.

Is it any wonder they blundered in creating constitutions to fit their untried codes? In the presence of the doctrines and practices of 400 years of the most tyrannical kingcraft, is it to be wondered at that these strong men, unconsciously ingrafted some mild form of the old accustomed law into their new formulae.

The human mind, then as now, was incapable of bringing from chaos a perfect system. Experiments were necessary. New and later provisions, inspired by progress and tested by use, must be added.

But because the makers of the early constitutions, with no landmarks before them, made awful mistakes in their calculations, it is all the more reprehensible for the modern politician or the modern newspaper to make the same mistake.

One hundred years of freedom has glorified the United States since Jefferson wrote. A century of progress has purged our constitution, our thought, our philosophies of every vestige of those old oppressions of the aristocracy.

Have the Statesman and the Tribune gleaned nothing from all these years of expanding national thought? Do they cling to a century-old doctrine and hug a fallacy to their bosoms because of its venerable age?

Because Jefferson suggested a property qualification of one-fourth

of an acre of land in a city or 25 acres in the country 100 years ago, is no reason for denying the ballot to the poor man in America at the beginning of the 20th century.

The East Oregonian accepts only what is good, only that which conduces to human progress and enlightenment from all its revered champions, from Moses down to Tom Johnson.

In the teachers' institute now in session in this city, women teachers are found to outnumber the men almost two to one. This is only one more of the vital evidences that the true spiritual and unseen force of citizenship and culture of the American is due to the teaching of the woman—if not the mother, then of the teacher. Woman stands sponsor for the youth, during all the tender years, in which the true character, the true status of his future citizenship is being formed. The deep and lasting impressions on the mind and nature of the boy are received from the mother or the teacher, in a majority of cases, and as the teachers are over half women, the influence of the woman outweigh all other influences. How high, then, should be the ideals of the American girl? How splendid should be the conceptions of the duties and standards of citizenship, instilled into the minds of the American girl, for does not she evolve into the teacher for the American boy of the future?

Oregon hopgrowers are just awakening to the fact that but two principals are necessary in making hop sales, and that the enormous profits now paid to middle men might better be saved to the man who grows the crop and furnishes the muscle and capital to develop the hop industry. Lane county growers are endeavoring to organize in such a way that they will be able to sell direct to the English buyers, instead of supporting a horde of idlers, in the shape of "hop buyers," who wear diamonds from the profits of Oregon hop sales. These useless fellows live in the large cities in luxury for nine months from the proceeds of three months scheming in the hop season. If cattlemen and woolmen could save the middlemen's profits, in a like manner it would enable them to send their sons and daughters to school and improve their homes, with much less financial pressure, than under the present system.

### MEN AND JOBS.

In a Kansas paper, socialist in philosophy, appear these words: "One free lodging house in New York city fed and housed 41,000 out of employment men since the first of the year. A majority of the inmates are men of middle age who are able to work—men who want to work but can not get it. The average age of these men is 41 years. This is the sort of prosperity which the great mass of mankind votes for—homeless men, men willing to work. Houseless in a great city teeming with millions of dollars of wealth. I wonder if men will always be so blind?" On reading these lines, a woman in Connecticut writes indignantly to a newspaper that in the country, where she lives—"back from the railroads, no saloons"—there is plenty of work, good beds, good food, and good wages, with men in constantly greater demand than supply, winter as well as summer.

Undoubtedly, it is in the cities that subversive tendencies have their strength, and it is in the farming districts, in every country, that the present order of things has its surest protection. The farmer and the farm hand work hard for what they get, but they live, and they have an independence and hard sense which remove them immeasurably from utopias. They would remedy discriminations and unfair privileges. They are the strongest supporters of moderate reformers like Folk and La Follette. But very few of them share those crass notions of creating a new universe which usually have their breeding grounds in city slums.—Collier's for October 15.

### EXPORT DEMAND FOR SHEEP.

American mutton is enjoying a wide open export outlet at present and there is every prospect for its continuance.

During the nine months of 1904, ending with September, the number of sheep exported was 260,731 against 139,969 during the same period of 1903. In values there was a jump from \$338,747 to \$1,662,686.

Bulk of these sheep have gone direct to British markets. It is an unusual summer movement and indicates that the Australian drought is still making itself felt in the quantity of frozen mutton marketed.—Chicago Livestock World.

The British forces in Tibet are snowbound in the Himalayas.

Drink  
**CRESCENT  
CREAM  
COFFEE**  
It is Fine

IN 1 AND 2 LB.  
SEALED TINS ONLY

### HIS LOVES.

"The woman I love with my heart," he said.  
"Is a cozy cornery girl;  
A soft pillow, soft and willowy,  
Smoother of lips that are big and billowy,  
Sympathetic, non-ascetic,  
Dear little love of a girl."

"The woman I love with my brain," he said.  
"Is a brilliant stimulant girl;  
She's a sheer delight to my mental sight,  
With a wit as quick as an arrow's flight,  
A comrade true and a sweetheart, too,  
And a never wearying girl."

"The woman I love with my soul," he said.  
"Is a Saint Cecilia girl;  
The meanings fine of a love divine  
In her movements show, in her glances shine;  
Fairest of all, she holds me in thrall;  
She's a simply adorable girl."

"Then fare you well and forever," she said.  
Her scarlet lips a-curl:  
"To think that I—no matter, good-by!"  
"Ah, love," he said, "'tis for you I sigh.  
All three you are, my sweet, my star,  
My one, my only girl."  
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Ladies' World.

### VANITY.

He built a highway through a wide domain  
And said, "Each traveler shall think of me."  
But mighty torrents swept across the plain,  
And bore his costly marble to the sea.

He reared a mansion with a hundred halls;  
Midst fountains that were ceaselessly at play;  
But lightning ran along the pictured walls,  
And e'en the ashes, wild winds blew away.

He planted orchards—fruits of fairest hue,  
And said here love shall have his trysting gay;  
But e'er they passed one summer season through,  
The worms had turned them into vile decay.

He next among the sages found a seat  
And felt the keys for glory in that line;  
But when his measure met with full defeat,  
He saw his prestige like a star decline.

He turned to woman, "She of all is true,"  
And gave himself into her rapturous power;  
The maiden smiled and passing said:  
"That silly fellow for an idle hour!"

"Alas!" he said, "no thing is mine save one—  
A tomb impervious to wind and rain;  
But wild hyenas dug into his grave,  
And strewn his bleaching bones along the plain."  
—Wayne Wayland.

## A BAD DISORDER

In the fall of 1893 I contracted that fearful disease, Blood Poison. It gained such headway that I was forced to resign my position and seek relief at Hot Springs. After spending all the means I had I went to Memphis. In less than three weeks I was in a hospital, and after nine weeks of suffering I was discharged as cured. In less than a month every bone in my body seemed to be affected and felt as if they would break at the least exertion. Again I was compelled to resign, and I returned to the hospital for a seven weeks stay. When I came out I was advised to try farming. When I first went on the farm I prevailed on the only firm who handled drugs to get me one dozen bottles of S. S. S. At that time both of my hands were broken out with blisters and I was covered with boils and sores. In the meantime my druggist had gotten two dozen bottles of S. S. S. for me and I began its use, and after taking the thirteenth bottle not a sore or boil was visible. R. B. POWELL, East 5th St., Little Rock, Ark.

Of all human diseases, Contagious Blood Poison is the most hideous and hateful. The victim is tortured with eating ulcers, sores and abscesses, unsightly blotches, eruptions and other symptoms of the miserable disease. S. S. S. has been used successfully for nearly fifty years for Contagious Blood Poison. It contains no mercury, potash or other mineral. Our home treatment book gives all the symptoms of this disease. Medical advice free.

**SSS**  
The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

### The Leading Tailors

Of the city, SIEBERT & SCHULTZ, have removed to 222 Court street, opposite the Hotel Sickers. When you want a well made suit at reasonable prices, call on them.



Miss Rose Hennessey, well known as a poetess and elocutionist, of Lexington, Ky., tells how she was cured of uterine inflammation and ovaritis by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been so blessedly helped through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it but just to acknowledge it, hoping that it may help some other woman suffering as I did. For years I enjoyed the best of health and thought that I would always do so. I attended parties and receptions thinly clad, and would be suddenly chilled, but I did not think of the results. I caught a bad cold eighteen months ago while menstruating, and this caused inflammation of the womb and congested ovaries. I suffered excruciating pains and kept getting worse. My attention was called to your Vegetable Compound and the wonderful cures it had performed, and I made up my mind to try it for two months and see what it would do for me. Within one month I felt much better, and at the close of the second I was entirely well.

"I have advised a number of my lady friends to use it, and all express themselves as well satisfied with the results as I was."—Miss ROSE NORA HENNESSEY, 410 S. Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble and at once, by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a normal and healthy condition.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—About two years ago I consulted a physician about my health which had become so wretched that I was no longer able to be about. I had severe backache, bearing-down pains, pains across the abdomen, was very nervous and irritable, and this trouble grew worse each month. The physician prescribed for me, but I soon discovered that he was unable to help me, and I then decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and soon found that it was doing me good. My appetite was returning, the pains disappearing, and the general benefits were well marked.

"You cannot realize how pleased I was, and after taking the medicine for only three months, I found that I was completely cured of my trouble, and have been well and hearty ever since, and no more fear the monthly period, as it now passes without pain to me. Yours very truly, Miss PEARL ACKERS, 327 North Sumner St., Nashville, Tenn."

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health more than a million women, you cannot well say without trying it "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Her advice is free and helpful. Write to-day. Delay may be fatal.

**\$5000** FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

## FRAZER THEATRE

R. J. TAYLOR, Lessee and Manager.

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**The Power of Truth**

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Seats on sale at Tailman's Saturday.

The East Oregonian is Eastern Oregon's representative paper. It lends and the people appreciate it and show it by their liberal patronage. It is the advertising medium of this section.

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